

# BOUGHT SILENCE

## AUGUST REQUEST STORY

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The battle for Mistral had been an intense one and Jaune Arc was tired. He was tired of fighting, tired of losing the things he cared about, and yet the only path for him was to push forward. At the very least he wasn't alone. Ren and Nora were steadfast, remaining by her side even in the wake of Pyrrha's death. Together they were essentially a family, one intrinsically bound with Team RWBY as they set their sights on Atlas. It was there that they'd supposedly find some answers. Was there a way to defeat Salem, the shadow cast over the world of Remnant? There was no way for them to know for sure, but if they didn't cling on to some form of faith then there never would be.

Speaking of Ren and Nora, it seemed they'd gone out for the evening, leaving Jaune all alone in the inn they were staying at. He didn't mind some peace and quiet once in a while, and if he got bored he could just as easily call Ruby up. But he was hungry and he wasn't sure if he could dodge going out to get a bite with how little was in the inn's refrigerator.

It was fortunate that he found out the fridge had a freezer compartment, in part because there was a little present for him nestled within. A cup of ice cream. A mix of chocolate, vanilla, and strawberry with a little note from Nora. *'Sorry Jaune! We wanted to invite you out for ice cream but you were napping! We brought you some back though, so enjoy!'* The young man couldn't help but think this was a nice gesture. Plus he was starving, so there was no way he wouldn't take them up on this free bite.

If Jaune had been a little more paranoid however he might have taken notice of that, while the writing resembled Nora's, it wasn't quite Nora's at the same time. But it was just ice cream *right?* What could really go wrong?

He shuffled over to the wooden table in the center of the room's kitchen area. For what they paid the rooms in Mistral were pretty sweet. A kitchen, a living room, and then several bedrooms for them to sleep in so there was no doubling up. Of course it provided them with some much needed peace and quiet when the events of the most recent battle were still weighing heavily on their minds.

"**Alright. Let's dig in I guess?**" Jaune often spoke to himself when he was alone. When things were quiet he found it disposed of a self-inflicted awkwardness, an eerie silence that left him alone with his thoughts. Jaune had plenty of awkwardness to go around, really.

Now the problem with mixed ice cream cups was always: which flavor first? Did he begin with the most flavorful strawberry? Enjoy the dark and creamy chocolate? Or start his journey with the plain Jane of flavors: vanilla? All had tantalizing paths, and deciding he couldn't go wrong with ice cream despite the flavor he began with the vanilla.

The scoops weren't particularly large and it didn't take the young man very long to polish off the first mound of icy white. Some weight conscientious people would be quick to say '*don't eat too much ice cream, it'll go straight to your thighs*', and while that wasn't true of Jaune's experience quite yet, it seemed there was *some* truth to how quickly ice cream might affect one's body.

Well. Normal ice cream *wouldn't*. This ice cream *would*.

During the several moments following his first mouthful a peculiar phenomenon began to occur around Jaune. *CRACK... CRACK... CRACK...* Loud crackles filled the air as literal cracks seemed to take shape across the backdrop of the inn as well as in and around his body. The moment he swallowed the last spoonful of vanilla all of those cracks ultimately resulted in the world around him shattering as if an illusion had just been broken, leaving him sitting alone in a tiny bedroom on the other side of Mistral. What's more, the cracks around his body had resulted in his clothing shattering away into nothing, leaving him sitting butt naked on a small wooden stool.

Jaune, however, took no notice of this. Nor did he take any notice when a large chunk of his blonde hair began to lengthen, all color draining from it as it became as pure white as the vanilla he'd eaten before sweeping itself to the right. The fact that the boy took no notice of his circumstances would have been alarming to an outside party looking in, but considering he was now alone in an apartment small enough to only house one there was no one to point out any folly were he to, say, continue to eat.

This time the chocolate. He really wanted to save the sweetest flavor of the three for last, and considering how rich chocolate could be it would be nice to have the strawberry to wash that richness away.

But this time there were no cracks strewn across the fabric of reality, at least not that could be perceived visibly like they had when the setting had changed. However they could be heard taking shape elsewhere, beyond the comprehension of even the one they were affecting. The cracks were forming all across his bones, persisting into the core of his being and even his mind. He hadn't noticed his change in location thanks to things shattering in his mind in the first place, that inn room he'd been staying in now no longer seen as little more than an illusion.

Just like with the vanilla, setting a trend, there were no outward changes until he polished off the final spoonful of chocolate, and what ensued at that moment could only be described as a complete and total collapse of his own body. It was so significant that even Jaune couldn't help but take notice of his dwindling circumstances.

Reality didn't shatter all at once like it had the first time, but rather the sound of its fabric breaking, accompanied by shrinking parts of his body, was seemingly, intentionally gradual. His feet almost slipped out from under him as toes crunched inward, the visage of unkempt nails giving way to reveal a manicure and polish job atop them that spread pink from toe to toe. His heel collapses not much longer after, its smaller form not only more aerodynamic but the quality of the skin across it well moisturized as if he'd been using a product to avoid cracking. Considering they were always fighting and on the move, it wasn't as if he had the time to see to his own skin health normally.

Now he'd been sitting rather uncomfortably atop the stool ever since he'd relocated, legs forced to extend outward or otherwise stick his knees in the air with how close it was to the ground, but... That was becoming *less and less* of a problem. Reality was augmented in both his arms and legs at the same time and their lengths diminished in tandem. It took but a moment for him to find his knees closer to his pelvis, the general shape of them leaner (*and dare he say fitter*) as well as apparently hairless despite his usual abundance of boyish body hair. Jaune's knees certainly seemed rounder, something that aught his eye before another crack around his mind corrected his perception. "**Something weird is going on...**", he could only murmur as he recognized the strangeness without properly identifying it.

Fingers reached for the knee he'd been so perplexed by just a moment prior, the length of his reach substantially lessened without his knowledge as hands were attached to soft and smooth arms that had no business belonging to a young warrior such as himself. That wasn't to say they weren't built for a warrior, but certainly not one that threw around a hefty sword and shield like Jaune did. As the fingers touched one of many scars that seemed to have surfaced over her legs, the crackling sounded again and both the length and thickness of each digit with overwritten to be both longer and thinner, the pads of his hands squishier with the scent of lilac dancing from them. A manicure similar to that atop his toenails became constant with his fingernails, and he couldn't help but lift and wiggle them into the air as he admired what he was quickly considering his own handiwork.

Shoulders crackled inward, their broadness collapsed into a slender frame that would have been largely androgynous if not for the erect dick sitting between his legs. Clearly the changes had aroused him, and yet the sudden recollection that he did, indeed, have ice cream to finish brought daintier fingers back to the spoon just as the blonde hair on the left side of his head darkened to a rich brown that spun down to his shoulders, the eye on the very same side taking on the very same hue.

His attention returned to the ice cream, and there was a little disappointment expressed through his facial features at how some of the pink had already begun to melt. It was strange that a boy who would normally talk to himself for no reason had elected to take a much more silent moment of reflection, and yet part Jaune felt like attempting to speak would be a fruitless effort.

Even sitting there naked, which he'd wondered about in passing earlier, felt like a completely normal occurrence. If one was left alone then why not spend their time alone in the nude? Particularly when they were beautiful and presently in search of giving their life some meaning via pleasure after suffering such great loss.

The cycle of reality distortion began anew, but this time the areas of effect were much more obviously denoted by superficial cracks that began to take shape around key areas. At no point did they touch his skin, yet they hovered just around his chest, pelvis, and ass as the final changes were to phase in and eliminate any shadow of doubt regarding his gender to be.

Perhaps Jaune could sense these changes about to set in, perhaps he was just horny, or perhaps it was what his changing mind wanted all along, but once he set the ice cream cup and spoon down he slid over to a couch in the tiny room's corner and drew his body against it, his meager height of less than five feet now fully apparent as fingers probed two key ears.

The first was his chest. Nipples stood erect as he took hold of the right one in between his index finger and thumb, giving it a twerk that was light at first but became more aggressive as his second hand reached down to stroke his dick. He stood fully erect, back arched as shoulder blades dug into the arm of the couch as he pumped and pumped. But nothing came.

He was actually holding on to less and less as he continued, and before long the gesture changed to tracing a void pelvis and eventually pushing into a gap that grew more and more sensitive while flesh rose into a pair of folds over top. Body rocked as the depth grew deeper and deeper, body quivering from the stimulation as the new orifice produced the necessary fluid to help lube the process up and allow fingers to flow back and forth more easily.

While *her* dick had seen diminish, equivalent exchange would give her a new toy to play with further north. She'd kept one hand around her nipples, teasing moving between the two with only one available set of digits to provoke them with. They'd

seen no growth at first, but in tandem with her increased heart rate they began to swell. While a nipple fit snugly between her fingers at first, the swelling of skin and an increase in size of her areola made the attempts increasingly less practical and so Jaune took to rubbing them as fat began to give rise just beneath the surface. Her abdominal muscles had collapsed into more humble forms long ago, but now they were merely being buried as additional mass packed itself on to allow the existence of a pair of breasts that were small at first, and substantial after a few moments of kneading. She could feel her ribs at first, but as her bosom encroached upon a heavy D-cup it was difficult to press that firmly into the tits, their sizes rather shocking considering her minuscule height.

With her body arched upward it was easier for the mass around her ass crack to thicken. Substantial did each cheek grow as firmness was beset by added weight that held a seductive tightness. The kind of ass anyone with a fetish would like to grab or give a smack, surely. Not that she'd let them.

Much as had been the case with the other two ice cream flavors, the remaining strands of blonde atop her head brightened to the color of the most recent flavor consumed: a shimmering pink that bled into the long strand of white. Lashes flickered longer around both eyes as the iris on the left became pink as well, though as she climaxed and a soft moan escaped plump, strawberry lips they were clenched completely shut. That moan would be the only sound she made, for she had no voice.

Her body relaxed against the cushions of the couch as she messily wiped her fingers against the lining on the back of the seat, clearly caring very little for the state she left the place in. It was a temporary hide out, at least until she could get revenge. A tiny nose wiggled side to side as she wondered where that ice cream had even come from. Left by the old tenant, maybe?

Her old life had been forgotten in its entirety at this point, the surname 'Arc' merely an enemy she recognized to be trampled. After all, she was Neopolitan. The thief and only thing remaining to continue the legacy of her dear companion Roman Torchwick. Anyone related to that Red girl would be crushed under her foot, absolutely. She wanted revenge.

***She needed revenge.***